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"DIGNIFIED SILENCE."



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Wednesday, May 7th, 1890. — No. 687.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK, FATHER," says the Young Man to the Old Man, "about this case of Senator Quay? The papers are making specific charges against him, and they appear to have proof."

"Nonsense!" replies the Old Man. "You've been reading a lot of Democratic slanders, that's all. Why don't you read the *Tribune*? The *Tribune* has looked into the matter, and it says there's nothing in it—nothing at all."

"But," inquires the Young Man, "ought not such charges to be met and disproved?"

"No, sir!" thunders the Old Man, "not at all—certainly not. They're all a pack of Democratic lies, and there's no use in paying the slightest attention to them. Those Democratic sheets would say any thing—any thing. Did n't they slander Lincoln and Sumner? I never look at the infernal affairs, and if you'll take my advice, you won't!"

And then the Old Man folds up his *Tribune*, and marches off to business, irritated and vexed, he hardly knows why. What right has his son to ask him such questions? Why should the Republican party be put on trial in this free and easy way? Did it not save the Union? He has been a Republican for more than thirty years. His first-born son was killed in the War of the Rebellion. Why should his younger son, born after the last gun of the war was fired, question the authority and integrity of the party to which his father has been loyal for a third of a century? Of course, there may be bad men in the party. There are bad men in every party. It is possible that this man Quay may be a bad man. But that is a matter of which the party leaders are the best judges. If he is a bad man, of course they will find it out and expel him from their ranks. Would Lincoln or Sumner have tolerated an embezzler and a defaulter among their associates?

He knows, of course, that there are no Lincolns nowadays, and no Sumners. In hours of private communion with old Republicans as staunch as himself he is accustomed to dwell upon this fact and to lament the degeneracy of his party. Nor is he wholly unconscious that his own neglect of his political duties is to some extent responsible for that very degeneracy. But these are things that he does not acknowledge to all the world. These are things that are no business of Democrats and Mugwumps. If there is any thing wrong in the party, the party will attend to it. He looks upon outside criticism as an impertinence—just as he looks upon the action of the Democrats in wresting the National Government from its natural possessors and holding it for four years as a piece of unparalleled audacity. And he sincerely hopes that his son's political faith is not liable to be contaminated by any low associations outside of the party. Then he takes out his *Tribune* and reads it, and very soon he forgets that there is any difference between Abraham Lincoln and Benjamin Harrison—or between Horace Greeley and Whitelaw Reid.

But the Young Man—what does the Young Man think? How does the Quay case strike him? Is he willing to leave it to the judgement of the party leaders? Well, no. Messrs. Reed and Edmunds and Platt and Wanamaker do not appear to him transfigured in the clear light of Lincoln's patriotism and Sumner's integrity. From what he knows of them he is quite capable of believing that they might be willing to co-operate with Mr. Quay for political ends, even if he were three or four times over an embezzler and a defaulter. Is he willing to accept the *Tribune's* unsupported assertion that there is nothing in the whole scandal? Hardly. He knows that scandals are not so easily disposed of. He reads more than one paper, and he sees that when a Tammany Democrat is accused of corruption, the Democratic press of the city demands full and impartial investigation, and declares that the man shall be punished if he be found guilty. And he wonders why the Republicans can not afford the same policy.

He knows also that while newspapers, excited by partisan passions, may make loose and general accusations against their political opponents, they are not likely to bring forward positive and specific charges of crime unless they can support those charges. And he furthermore reasons that there is a difference between a party that is willing to investigate the

character of its members and a party that is not willing to do more than oppose the bravado of shameless silence to a serious and well-founded impeachment of its leaders.

"And what do you think, Father, of the uncertainty and irresolution of the course of the Committee in this tariff matter? They don't seem to know what they want themselves."

"My son," says the Old Man solemnly to the Young Man, "such questions are not to be decided hastily. In making up a new tariff schedule, the Committee has to consider the needs and interests of many different industries. Of course they must take time, and act, so to speak, to a certain extent, as one might say, experimentally, in order to keep a just balance between all the branches of business that may be affected. But you may rest assured that whatever they finally decide on will be, of course, the wisest thing for the nation. Don't let any of these miserable free-trade fallacies get into your head. The tariff must be preserved, if the country is to be preserved, and you may be sure that it is safe in the hands of the men who created it, and to whom we owe all our prosperity as a commercial nation."

And with this the Old Man dismisses the subject. He is a banker, and the tariff does not affect his business in any way that is apparent to him. But the Young Man keeps on thinking. He is engaged in the manufacture of carpets, and he has occasion to do a good deal of thinking about the price of carpet wools. To him the tariff is not the fetish that it is to his father. He is able to see clearly that a system which calls for such peculiar adjustment to the differing needs of various trades and handicrafts can not be founded on an abstract principle, and must be a creature of commercial expediency. And he feels that it is his duty to learn to judge for himself how far it is truly expedient in his case, and how far it is expedient for the mass of his fellow-citizens. And the further he pushes his investigations, the less he believes in the value of a tariff regulated not by economical requirements, but by the relative usefulness to the party in power of the trades whose interests it affects.

He knows, moreover, that the commercial prosperity of the country is not dependent upon the tariff on imported goods. He has seen that for four years the national government was in the hands of the party which his father's party denounced as the arch-enemy of the tariff; and he knows that during those four years the national credit was as good as it ever was at any period, and that business was neither better nor worse than it was in the four years before, or than it has been in the four years since. And he is not unwilling to believe that free raw materials would enable him to sell cheaper and to sell more. Under these circumstances, if the Young Man helps to swell the next Democratic majority, the Old Man may—perhaps—begin to realize that the *Tribune* he believed in died with Horace Greeley, as the party he believed in died with Sumner and Seward.



AN EVENING PROPOSITION.

CANVASSER (who has oozed in).—I have here, sir, a copy of Professor Bulliger's work on pantheology.

HIS VICTIM.—Sir! I am Professor Bulliger, himself.

CANVASSER.—Is that so? Well, gimme a dollar, will yer, fer th' hard time I have sellin' it.



“Along the mossy wood-path where the brook
Murmurs its crystal secrets as it flows
Unto the *Plagiochila Macrostoma*,
I'll pluck, to dangle at your chataleine,
To fade beneath the rose-hue of your cheek,
The sweet ethereal *Iphigaea Repens*.

“In plain United States,
And not in words that look like centipedes,
Let me reply in language chaste and sweet.
I never caper in the April mud;
I'm not romantic, yet the flowers to me
Seem only sweet through the companionship
Of him that's with me — and, in truth, for you
I care not a continental *camion*,
Which, in plain English, is a *bachelor's button*!”

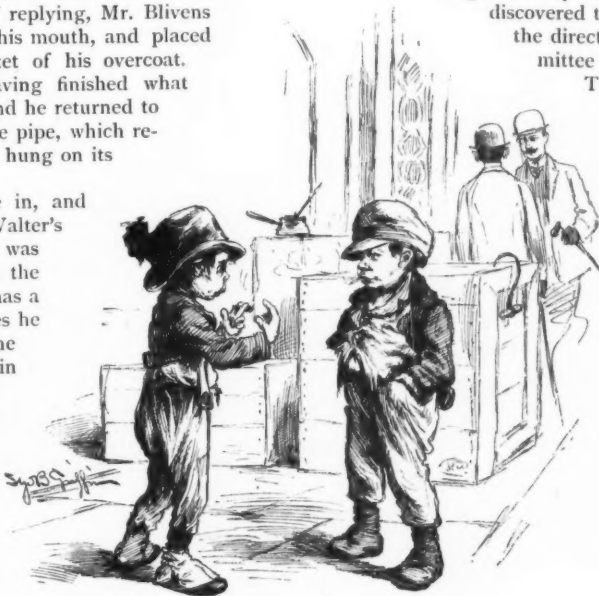
R. K. M.



Blivens sniffed a moment, and then suddenly struck the table a violent blow with his fist.

Thus we see that in the small things of life, as well as in the greater, notwithstanding the fact that we may be poorer than some, and likewise have less wealth than others again of our friends, it is well, always, if possible, to do presently that which, if neglected now, will possibly not be accomplished, if even then, until some time when we have more opportunity.

W. R. Cochrane.



RUPERT ELLSMORE.—Say, Claudey, I want some advice.
 CLAUDE MELTON.—Well, I got plenty.
 RUPERT ELLSMORE.—Do you t'ink de present style in
 straight rimmed hats will last long enough to make it wort'
 me while having me darby blocked?

Why, that is Boston's glory!
Ever she means
To live in song and story
By her "baked bein's!"

M. D. L.

THE HUMORIST seldom gets rich from his ideas, but he is usually able to make a good thing out of one and another.

HOW SHE LOST HIM.

"AN O'WER TRUE TALE."



IT IS USUALLY the mission of the college-boy to reform the world, and he was no exception to the rule. He had never realized it as strongly as at the close of his course in Argumentative Logic, for he had been highly commended by the Professor of Inapplicable Sciences, under whose tuition he has been.

Reform, like Charity, should begin at home, and the object nearest to him — *i. e.*, his "best girl" — should receive his first attention. While so cheery and practical a little maiden was just the wife for a genius like himself, he was pained by the conviction that she was as illogical as any of her sex. That one fault he would overcome for her, and his be the glad task of leading her surely but gently from the uncertain ways of feminine surmises and suppositions to the level road leading from premises to deductions.

To this intent he escorted her home from church, and comfortably seating himself in the best stuffed chair the room afforded, he began his labors thus:

"Miss Mary, if I should deny my own presence, how would you prove it to me?"

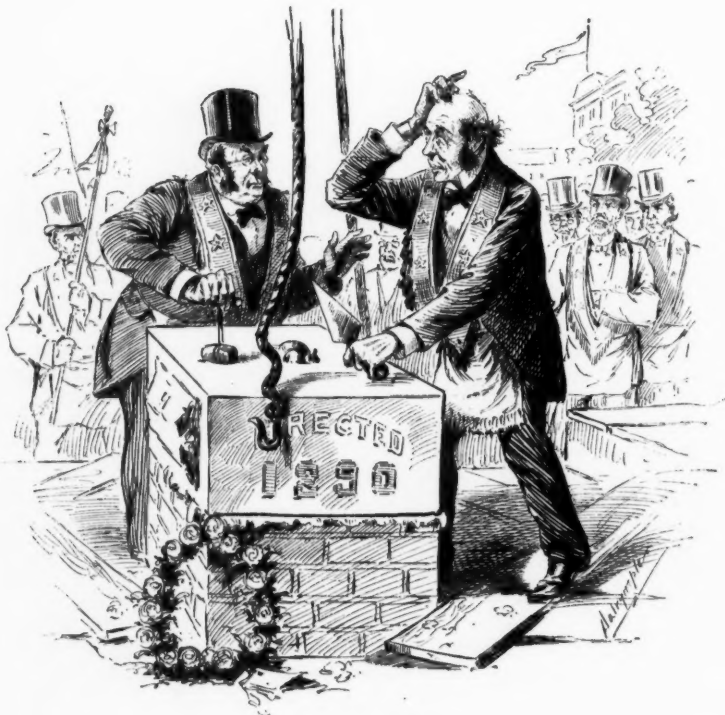
She looked demurely at her hat as it lay in her lap, and toyed with the ostrich plumes, as she answered carelessly:

"Possibly I might not think it worth the while to attempt to prove it."

"Oh! But come, now, for the sake of argument, you know! I deny that I am here, that I exist, in fact; how can it be proved to me?"

"That you are here, seated in this chair, I am to prove to you?" and her eyes danced and flashed as she spoke.

Feeling that his own arguments were liable to lack coherence if he



LAID AWAY.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. — Is it possible to lift the corner-stone again?

MASTER MASON. — I'm afraid not, sir. Why?

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. — I left my hat in the receptacle with the records.

MASTER MASON. — Never mind, sir. It will be of infinite use to the future historian.



OVER IN PROSPECT PARK.

WHEELER. — These safeties are very nice when a man is naturally a little timid.

BRUCE. — What the deuce are you afraid of? Telegraph wires?

continued gazing in those merry eyes, he closed his own, and, leaning back in his chair, said:

"Exactly!"

The next instant there was a subdued howl of anguish, and he sprang to his feet, grasping his left arm with his right hand.

"Wh-what did you d-do that for?" he stammered, fairly choking with rage.

She twirled her big hat-pin in her fingers, saying curiously:

"Why, did it hurt you?"

"Hurt me? Of course it did; you ran that thing half a yard into me!" with increasing surliness.

"Not unless you were in that chair; I ran it through the back; so, if you were hurt, it proves you must have been there, after all."

There was a silence that might have been felt for a full half minute, and then the gate closed violently behind an irate youth, striding hurriedly toward South College, and calling "the inconstant moon" to witness his vow never to return to *that* place, and to allow every woman on earth to die in her feminine ignorance ere he turned tutor to the sex.

And at the house he left, a silvery voice went pealing up the stairway:

"Ma, do you care if I finish that lemon pie? These *boys* make me so hungry!"



AN APOLOGUE.

His spectacles King Hubert one day needed,
But search would not their hiding-place disclose,
Till, brushing from his face a fly, he heeded
That the lost lenses were astride his nose.

SOMEWHAT ANALOGOUS,

But Perhaps Not Entirely an Apologue.

Since what the Senate did in secret session
Was widely published each ensuing day,
They racked outsiders to extort confession;
While inside men were giving it away.

AN OLD BALDHEAD, who is likewise an old bachelor as well as an old scoundrel, speaks of women as resembling gratifying news. They are good; some of them too good to be true.

THE MOST STUNNING BENCH SHOW OF THE COUNTRY — The United States Supreme Court.

THE HEROINE of a popular story is described as having teeth like pearls. They were, in fact, her chewels.



EAST SIDE GASTRONOMY.

SLIDERS (waiter at the Morning Glory restaurant, at 11:55 a. m., pushing his head through the kitchen slot till his shoulders ache).—Fired up fer 'm, Nate?

THE COOK.—Yeep.

SLIDERS.—Ketch der ords right off der bat t'-day. Der jays is goin' t' fly good.

THE COOK (tossing a "one out").—Paste 'm in, Nibsy.

SLIDERS (entering the fray).—What 's yours, Boss?

CLOTHING SALESMAN (who lunches uptown on Sundays).—You may bring me a chicken paté and a glass of milk.

SLIDERS.—Ain't got a singer left, Boss.

SALESMAN.—Make it fried bacon, then.

SLIDERS (fog-horning).—Hollercost rooter, an' drive der cow! What you goin' ter crawl over, Jersey?

MR. PEEBNEY (down from Westchester to pay the interest on his watch ticket).—I want a dish of tripe an' onions.

SLIDERS (calling).—Yard 'f towellin', wid frangipannys! Got it, Nate?

THE COOK.—Yeep.

SLIDERS (to NEWSBOY).—Keep out 'r d' gangway, an' yer won't git knocked down. Dere, don't crack yer tear-jar. I did n't hurt yer. G' lang over in der corner, an' lick dat 'lasses off der table-clot. Oh, you don't git no 'tention, Mr. Vandybilt? Watcher want?

LODGER (from Nepenthe Hotel, next door).—Corn-beef hash, an' cup 'r coffee—quick, too!

SLIDERS.—Shut up! (Again exploding). Cattle-train smash-up, an' kill a Narab! Party 's goin' ter die, so nex' week 'll do. What 's yours?

COLORED CUSTOMER (who has drifted over from the West Side).—Liver 'n' aigs, fr'en'.

SLIDERS.—Set der guinea on a fried pin-cushion!

MESSENGER-BOY.—What 'll five cents buy?

SLIDERS.—Lot down ter Corona 'f yer hit der right party.

MESSENGER-BOY.—No gillin', now. Gimme t'ree cakes an' a glass of water.

SLIDERS.—Drop der buck-shot! Here 's yer bath. Hurry up dem quaits, Daisy (this to the dish-washer at the rear). Good morning, sir. (Turning a little pale.) Hope I did n't give no 'fence after dat dance las' night. (Takes the helmet and club, and hangs them up.)

THE OFFICER ON THE BEAT.—No; only don't holler when I dust th' club with yer, th' next time. It 's liable to keep folks awake. I want roast beef with Spanish onions, mashed potatoes, green corn, celery, Vienna rolls, and a cup of coffee.

SLIDERS.—Knock der steer! Slide der— (correcting himself with a gulp and a start.) Chef, serve out roast-beef wid Spanish injuns, mashed pertates, green goo—corn, salary, Vieno rolls an' coffee. Officer Slattery 's came. (Going to the rear, and pushing his head and shoulders through the slot.) Nate, I ain't a Whyo if I did n' come nigh insultin' his breas' plates.

J. S. G.

HER WAY.

"I'll be home by ten o'clock, dear," said Mr. Clubman, a month after his marriage; "but if I'm not, don't wait for me."

"No, I won't, dear," said Mrs. Clubman.

And she did n't. At one minute past ten she went after her spouse, and brought him home. Since then he is home promptly every night at ten sharp.

DOES THE SHOE FIT?

MR. BARKER CARPER.—I can't see why you have acquired that wretched habit of smoking cigarettes!

MR. COFFIN STRAIGHTCUT.—I—well—just this way, Barker. A smoke is spoiled if you have to light your cigar twice; and some confounded bore is likely to come around asking me questions every minute. Donchersee?

THE WRONG MAN.

FIRST HIGHWAYMAN (in ambush).—What luck, Bill?

SECOND HIGHWAYMAN (in a scared voice).—Let 's get out o' this—there 'll be more of 'em along; he took all I had—he was a lawyer.

MAN is often fonder of his dogs than he is of his kin; but, then, a dog can never contest a will.

"PURPLE SUNRISE," Algy, is probably a phrase invented by some poet who mingled the memories of the evening he painted red with the dawn of his blue awakening.



BRILLIANT TECHNIQUE.

KIRBY STONE.—Your typewriter seems to work very rapidly.

WILLSON DEEDS.—Well, rather! She was one of Liszt's favorite pupils.

THE SEVEN AGES OF OUR ITALIAN SISTER.



I.



II.

SPRING SPRINKLES.

IN THE SPRING-TIME.

For his excursions, Love has chosen Spring;
And so has Vegetation.
When anxiously you wait the postman's ring,
Indulge not expectation

That he has brought a tender billet-doux;
It may be that, indeed:
It may be, likewise, he will pass to you
A specimen of seed.

A DESIRABLE EXCHANGE.

Ah, would that, as we sail the air,
One of the other worlds might bear
In our direction;

That we might offer to its folks
A chance to swap their ancient jokes
For our collection.

PAST AND PRESENT.

If half-persuaded by some bookish sage
That, year by year, the evils of our age
Grow more,—the blessings, fewer;

Just resurrect your dusty, last year's tile,
Gaze on its fearful outlines for a while;
It will effect a cure.

John C. Miller.

THE SOCIALIST AT HOME.

NOTED SOCIALIST.—Vy you nod haf supper
ready ven you know I go oud to lecture to-nighd
on "All Broberties Mus' Be Held in Common."

FAITHFUL WIFE.—Mein tear, I could not haf
supper widout wood, an' leetle Shonny he refuse
to get wood.

NOTED SOCIALIST.

—He do? You
tell dot lazy boy eef
he nod work, he
nod eat.



EXCEPTING TO THE RULING.

MAMA (*sternly*).—Don't you know
that the great King Solomon said,
"Spare the rod and spoil the child?"
BOBBY.—Huh! But he did n't say
that until he was growed up!



III.



IV.



V.

THE HUILE OF FORTUNE — Petroleum.

FARMERS NOT POSTED on nautical
affairs are informed that the bunco-
man does his steering with the "tiller."

"THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS." It
will save the expense of a pound-
master.

POPOCATAPETL, it has been discov-
ered, is not as high as it used to be.
In this respect it strangely resembles
Patti's voice.

HENRY IRVING has declined to stand
for Parliament. He finds it more
profitable to represent history than to
make it.

AS GOOD AS HE SENT.

BENNY.—Grandpa, a man out here just told me I resemble you.
THE PRESIDENT (*much gratified*).—Ah, and what did you say
to that?

BENNY.—Nothing; but I threw a stone at him.

OH, FOR A WORD IN SEASON!

MCD.—By the way, Dennis, here's the
dollar I borried of ye last wake.

MCQ. (*pocketing the coin*).—Bedad, Pat,
I had forgot all about it.

MCD.—Tare an' ages! Why the divil
did n't ye let me knov. that?



THE UMPIRE'S RULING.

UMPIRE.—One strike.

STRIKER.—Wha-a-at!

CROWD.—O-o-oh!

CAPTAIN.—Did you call that a strike?

UMPIRE (*suavely*).—One strike, I said.

CAPTAIN.—Why, the man could n't
have reached that with the Eiffel tower!

UMPIRE.—Under the rules, sir, I am sole judge of
strikes. If, in order to facilitate the game, I see fit to call
a ball a strike, I believe I have a right to do so. (*To the
PITCHER.*) Play ball.—Two strikes.

STRIKER (*savagely*).—Two blank, you blank blank fool!

CROWD (*wildly*).—Rotten!—who hired you?—he's
a roaster!—hit him in the neck!—whoop! hiss! groan!

CAPTAIN.—I protest the game!

UMPIRE (*calmly*).—Play ball.—Three strikes and out.
(*Whereupon the STRIKER fells the UMPIRE to the ground
with his bat; the CAPTAIN and PLAYERS jump upon and
kick the prostrate body, and the CROWD surge into the
field, and tear the corpse into a thousand pieces.*)

MORAL. (*To UMPIRES.*)—Don't attempt to introduce
the methods of Speaker Reed into the National Game, or
you will suffer for it. G. A. E.

IT HAS remained for Jones to put a new sting into an old
joke. One of the vice presidents of the X. Y. and Z.
road, his friend, had just refused him a pass. "Don't,"
he hastened to add, as Jones prepared to speak, "now,
don't get off that old gag about our being too slow to pass
any thing—"

"I won't," said Jones, peace-
ably; "I remember you
passed a dividend in April."



VI.



VII.

NO COLOR LINE IN MUSCATINE COUNTY.

Gray is the Sheriff. The Treasurer Brown.
Black the Recorder from old Wiltown town.
Auditor's White, and all colors can choose
Representation in County Clerk Hughes.

Art. Ready.

DRESS MAKES all the difference in the world. The big naked walk-
ing-stick is derided, while the monstrous but well-draped parasol is
thought "just too sweet for any thing."

IF HER MOUTH were of the size of her feet, poor Chicago might be able
to chew what she has bitten off.

TWO PROBLEMS OF THE FUTURE: What shall we do with the manly
young woman, and with the effeminate young man?



ONE REASON.

MRS. TULLIVER (*to the pride of her heart*).—Reginald, my boy, *why* are you so idle?

REGINALD (*wearily*).—Because, my dear Mother, there's really no time to do *any* thing.

AFTER THE MCKINLEY TARIFF BECOMES A LAW.

CATTLE-MAN.—Well, Mr. Armour, here I am again with another car-load of beeves. What price are you paying this year?

MR. ARMOUR.—Same as last.

CATTLE-MAN.—But there's a 15% duty on the hides now. Does n't that make the beeves worth more?

MR. ARMOUR.—Not for me, my dear sir. Hides are a by-product with me. Perhaps some one else will give you more.

CATTLE-MAN.—Who else buys beeves?

MR. ARMOUR.—H'm! Well, I'm busy. Take it, or not—as you please.

CATTLE-MAN.—Allright. It goes.

Is n't it nice for—Mr. Armour?

TANNER.—How d'ye do, once more, Mr. Armour. I came in to contract for my season's hides again. Same prices ruling as last year, I suppose?

MR. ARMOUR.—My dear sir, you forget there's fifteen per cent. duty now. However, as you are an old customer, I'll only charge you ten per cent. advance, and that's five per cent. cheaper than you can get foreign ones.

TANNER.—Well, I suppose I can't do any better. You are the only man who has hides for sale. Send 'em along. I'll take it out of the shoe men.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

Portraits of duchesses, portraits of beauties,
Portraits of actresses his walls display;
But in society he a mere mute is—
Awkwardly stammers, with nothing to say.

[F MAN is made of dust, McGinty's name
must be mud by this time.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF EVERY POEM—

STRAINED RELATIONS—The Very Poor Ones.

BANK CASHIER OF HIBERNIAN EXTRACTION
(*opening his mail and smelling the document*).—Hello! this note must have been drawn
in the Oil Regions, I see there are three days
grase on it.

WORKMEN DON'T have to strike three times to be "out."

MR. QUAY thinks silence is golden; but it looks more like gilt.

GENERAL BURD GRUBB is credited with wanting a diplomatic appointment. He ought to be a persona grata at the Canary Islands.

HE WAS A PROTECTIONIST, TOO.

"Yes, sir; I'm a protectionist," said the manufacturer, sturdily, to his friend. "I believe in the American standard of wages. But here is my superintendent. What is it you wish?"

"I wanted to say, sir," interrupted the superintendent, "that half of the workmen in the shop refuse to work on the ten per cent. reduction in wages, and have quit the town. We are besieged with Poles and Hungarians, and I have supplied the places of all those that went out."

"Very well," said the manufacturer. "You interrupted Mr. Blank and myself in a conversation on American economics, and the advantages of the protective system. I suppose you are a protectionist, of course."

"Oh, certainly, sir," answered the superintendent.

SOUND DOGMA.

MR. TAMMY.—We can't wait for saints to fill our offices, Andy; because death precedes canonization.

MR. McMUMP.—True enough; but you've got the argument at the wrong end. Only a man's life can merit it!

MIXED EMOTIONS.

I know no such delicious pain
In the realm of Love or Reason,
As to hook, pull up, and lose again,
Your first trout of the season.

A PHILOSOPHER SIZED UP.

"What are you pondering about, Charlie?"

"Oh, old Proser has been holding forth to me on the Superstitions of the Dark Ages!"

"Indeed; did you notice that his boots were muddy?"

"Yes."

"That came from walking in the gutter this morning, to avoid going under a ladder!"



IMITATING HIS SUPERIORS.

LITTLE GAMIN FLAUNTERAG.—Say, Granny, how much is dem apples?
DEAR OLD APPLE-WOMAN.—Oh, go 'way wid yez; sure it's not a penny yez have at all, at all!
LITTLE GAMIN FLAUNTERAG.—Well, have n't I got der right ter go out shoppin', all der same?



AFTER THE COLONEL'S CLUB DINNER.

THUGGERS (*of the "Twel't" Ward*).—I had a bad start when his jags pointed his finger at me when der soup was sprung.

SLICKERS (*of the "Ate"*).—Is dat so?

THUGGERS.—I'm cryin', I did. Blowed 'f I did n' think fer a spell I 'd fergot t' unbutton me vest out'r compl'ment t' th' grub.





PUCK:



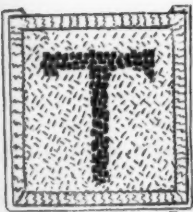
E ASKS FOR MORE!



NO SECURITY REQUIRED.

MR. PURPLE CURRY.—Guv me t'ree dollars on me dog!

MR. IVY AUGENSTIEN.—Mine frient, I gif you dose t'ree tollars, but I treat you as a schentlemans—I takes me no colladerals.



THE MASTER THIEF.

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a retired thief who desired that his son should follow the profession in which he himself had amassed a fortune, so he apprenticed him to an old friend who had a seat on the Petroleum Board, and was as slippery as the commodity in which he dealt.

And the youth remained there seven years; and at the end of that time he returned to his father's house, with a note from the head of the firm stating that he was entirely too smart for their business. The son desired his father to set him up in business for himself; but the retired thief said that before he did that the young man must give evidence of his proficiency as a robber. "Now," he said, "if you can steal from me I shall believe that you are competent to go into business on your own account."

The following Sunday the youth went down to the large Coney Island Hotel which he knew his father frequented, disguised himself as a waiter, and secured a position by giving the head-waiter five dollars and a promise of half of all he could make by "knocking down" on the house. When the old man arrived, his son had a table ready for him, and he served him with choice dishes, and filled his glass with *Chateau Margaux* of rare Ohio vintage. And when the retired thief saw that his check amounted to \$24.75 he said that it was outrageous robbery; but he paid the check, and his son showed it to him that night when he returned home, and laughed, at the same time, in merry glee.

So, the old man acknowledged the corn—charged for at the rate of fifty cents an ear—but said that before he could furnish capital for his son's business the young man must give him further proof of his ability.

"I can give you a sure pointer on the oil market—," began the audacious youth; but the father cut him short with some remarks on filial ingratitude which caused him to slink off in shame and confusion.

The next day the young man told his



SAVED HIMSELF.

MRS. SCHMERZ (at breakfast).—What was it you were muttering in your sleep last night, Galen—about "pairs" and "three of a kind"?

DR. SCHMERZ.—Um—ah! I met Dr. Flush while I was out, and he told me some of his experiences with twins and triplets. Must have dreamed about it!

father that he ought to buy some pictures to adorn the walls of his house, and accordingly the old thief went forth to procure some. He entered an art gallery, and it was his son, skillfully disguised, who waited on him and led him, unresisting, to a secret chamber back of the store. Then he caused the lights to be turned up so that they shone full on a huge painting in a gilt frame. Then he assured the retired thief that the picture was "genoowine handmade," because it had one whole side of the room to itself. And the old man asked if the picture possessed any breadth of tone, and the undaunted youth said: "Yes, it has breadth of tone till you can't rest."

"But I don't see any atmospheric qualities," continued the retired thief.

Accordingly the salesman lit two more gas jets, and exclaimed triumphantly: "There! don't you see them now?"

And the father acknowledged that he did, although the salesman offered to turn on the electric lights if he required them.

And, finally, the old man bought the picture for thirteen thousand four hundred and seventy-five dollars, and was grateful to the young man for letting him have it at that price. But his gratitude was not a marker on that of the proprietors of the gallery, who straightway paid a year's rent, and declared that the rest of the day should be given over to rejoicing.

And the next day the youth explained to his father the ingenious mechanical processes whereby the picture—together with three hundred exactly like it—was made; and he showed him the check he had received as his commission on the sale, and then claimed his reward.

But the old man gnashed his teeth in the bitterness of his woe, and declared that, after all, the art of picture-selling was merely a primitive form of robbery, and that his son must prove his ability on a higher professional plane.

And the youth departed, vowing vengeance against his sire; and he went straightway before the chief ruler of the city and laid information against the retired thief, so that the chief ruler summoned one of his subordinates and commanded him to "run him in." And the old man, having been lodged in jail, sent for the warden and asked how much it would cost him to procure a bondsman. And the warden said he thought he could fix it for him, but if he wished to go out it would be necessary for a deputy sheriff to accompany him. So, the deputy led the master thief to a gentleman who made a specialty of putting his name on bail bonds for people whose standing in society was not good.

This gentleman signed the bond on terms which caused the retired thief to take off his hat and enquire respectfully where he received his training, and what particular line he was following just then; "because," he added, "I think of taking a partner when I get out of this, and you would suit me right down to the ground."

"That's all right," said the bondsman, as he removed his false beard, "but you must content yourself with a silent interest."

Then the retired thief recognized the features of his own son, and he cheerfully made over to him a large share of what property he had left.

And the young man took the money and opened a dentist's office in one of the uptown streets, and lived happily ever after, honored and envied by brigands of every degree. In the course of time he married the daughter of the janitor of a fashionable apartment house, and she proved an invaluable helpmeet.

J. L. Ford.

THE PARTING.

"And wilt thou think of me," said he,

"When I am far away from thee?"

"Oh, yes," said she, "I'll think of thee—

When thou art far away from me."

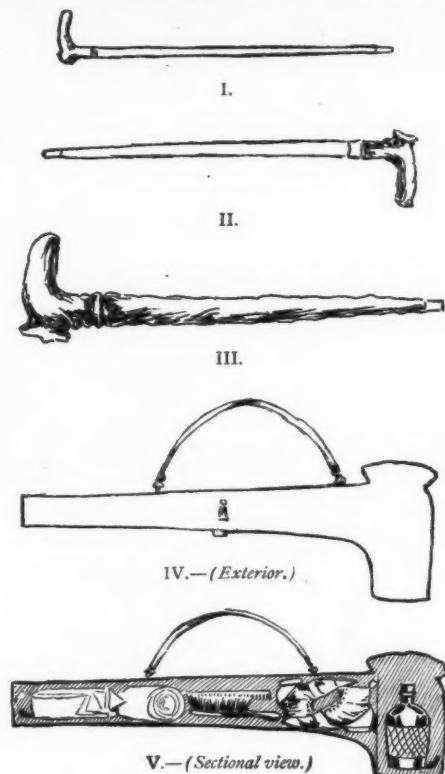
ENVOY.

"The farther away the better," said she.

F. P.

PATTI is in great luck; she not only gets \$5,000 a night for singing, but she does not have to pay to hear herself.

THE WALKING-STICK'S PROGRESS.



THE PATRIOT.

Within the Capitol he stood,
And spoke with vim;
He did it—For His Country's Good
—To Him!

A POSSIBLE REASON.

HARRY.—Mama, why don't chickens have teeth?

MAMA.—They don't need them, Harry; they have their bills for teeth.

HARRY (*reflectively*).—Aunty has a bill for teeth; I guess that's the reason she is called an old hen.

A GOOD IDEA.

MR. J. TONY DRESSER (*getting measured*).—Ha ha! I heard of a funny firm out West. It's a partnership of two men in the same building; one is a tailor and the other a lawyer.

MR. CASIMER PANCE (*getting tired*).—I s'pose the tailor makes the clothes, and the lawyer collects the bills.

AN ODIOS COMPARISON AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.



DIN.

DINNER.

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A PHILOSOPHER'S PLAINT.

WHAT THOUGH the eternal laws of cosmic life
Lead back to star-dust and to ether void,
And atoms, born of everlasting strife,
Are all the parents man has e'er enjoyed?
Shall I be hampered by this bald belief,
And bow my head or sink my heart in woe?
Is this a reason for unceasing grief?
I do not know.

What though, subjective, my idealism
Has concepts far too vast for mortal speech,
And scorns such poor objective realism
As clings to every dollar like a leech?
Shall I become a pan-eclectic sage,
And form two marketable creeds each day,
Adjusted by a standard public guage?
I can not say.

While psychic mysticism is just my hold,
And evolution is my leisure's toy,
If you 'll permit me, reader, I 'll make bold
To say that editors do not take joy
In sending checks for philosophic screeds;
So, reader, tell me, if you e'er find out,
What cosmic system meets the public needs:
You 'll hear me shout.

Tricotrin.

ON HIS DIGNITY.

DICK STRAPT.—I can't see, Mose, why you call this little place a "Tonsorial Emporium." Why, you have only one chair!

PROF. HARECOTT.—Yeah, sah; but does n't dat show dat I do er high-toned 'n' exclusive business? All my patrons am shaved by de boss.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE perhaps for a man to see himself as others see him; but he approximates that view of himself when he sees his portrait printed in the daily papers.

A SCIENTIFIC COMMISSION has shown the evil effects of tight-lacing by killing a lot of monkeys with it. Shame! Let the tight-lacers go, and spare the monkeys.

OUR SUNDAY LAWS were evidently made to abate the vice of gluttony. At least it is twenty times as easy to get whiskey on a Sunday afternoon as it is to get groceries.

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OUT AND OUT.
HOLLIS (running out).—I'm out.
R. OASTED '93 (who has paid for the last four games of pool).—So am I.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

AN EVEN THING.

A man sued a Troy street car company because his horse got frightened at a car. A citizen then sued the man because his horse got scared and frightened him into jumping over a fence, "much to his mortification and inconvenience."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

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WHEN two racing steamers make the same number of knots an hour, the result, naturally, is a tie.—*N. Y. Voice.*

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JOHNNY (who eats very fast).—Say, Pa, what causes lock-jaw?

PA.—Well, I should think bolting down one's breakfast might have something to do with it.—*N. Y. Voice.*



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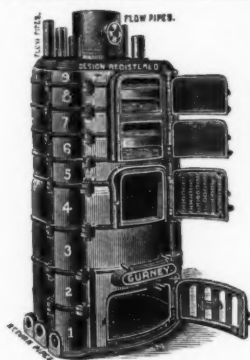
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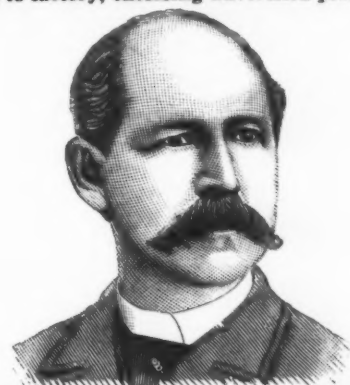
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"Don't drink—don't smoke, eh—then have a piece of
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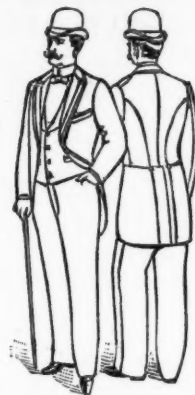
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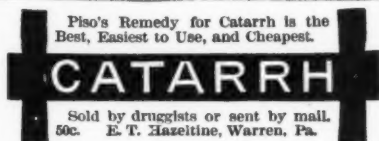
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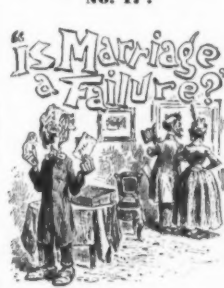
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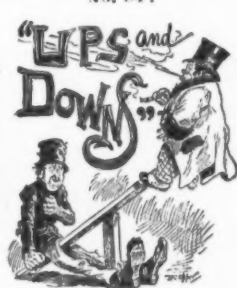


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